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MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A SHAM "CONGRESS."

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

Fever there was a windbag which deserved pricking and got what it deserved, it was the Domestic Economy "Congress," which last week was kind enough to hold its sittings in Manchester, with the object, I suppose, of enlightening the domestic darkness of these regions. "Verax" in the *Weekly Times*, the *Courier* in its leader, and the other papers in paragraphs, all put their stiletos into this most portentous piece of humbug, and if next year it turns out to be not quite dead, it will only afford additional proof of the difficulty of destroying the vitality of a sham which has managed to persuade itself that it is a reality. But the general public do not even now know how preposterous the whole thing really was. They do not know that although the Congress only had seven hundred and twenty working minutes at its disposal it could not even manage to fill up that short space of time; that the ducal chairman evidently had so keen a sense of the uselessness of the meeting that he insisted on keeping the reading and discussion of every paper within the twenty minutes which had been previously arranged, although, owing to the failure of some of the writers of the papers to put in an appearance, their productions were, in many instances, simply burked, added to which only a few of the papers were such as could be discussed at all, so that each one that was read or discussed might have had, at least, forty minutes, and still left time to spare. The public do not know, again, how ridiculous many of the schemes propounded were; what childish methods of teaching children were ventilated, and what impracticable obstinacy the crotchets-mongers showed. The papers, mercifully, gave only very condensed reports, and picked out the best passages in the papers, so that, as far as the actual record of the proceedings was concerned, everyone who did not know the true state of the case might have been deceived into the belief that the sham was a reality, unless they had gathered the truth from the cruel remarks of the Bishops of Manchester and Salford on the second day, when the farce was becoming too protracted for the patience even of those amiable prelates. Now I, for one, do not object to this Congress because it did nothing and could by no possibility do anything. I do object to it because it pretends that it can do and does do something. I object to a number of ladies and gentlemen, nearly all of whom must enjoy independent incomes or they would not be able to waste the time, assembling together to patronise me in common with other working men, and telling me with supercilious sneers that in everything I do and have been taught to do by my progenitors who did the same before me, I am hopelessly wrong. And above all thing I object to Sir Henry Cole. If these people were to say—"Now, here we have come to Manchester, those of us who don't live here, and we are going to have a Congress about Domestic Economy. We are a lot of dilettanti, some of us with 'fads,' the majority with no opinions whatever, but we all take a sort of interest in the working man, not because we care a jot about him, but because that phase of philanthropy is fashionable just now. We are, therefore, going to have a 'Congress,' and read some papers and have a talk about what a happy creature the working man would be if he would only follow our instructions; but at the same time, to keep the thing select, we shall begin with a flare up called a *conversatione*, which will effectually frighten all working men away, for however wise they may be in theory they are very odious in fact. And in fact we are going because Sir Henry Cole has got up what may be a pleasant entertainment for us, and we might as well pass the time this way as any other."

If, I say, the ladies and gentlemen who attended the Congress had put the matter in this way there would have been nothing to complain of.

They might have had their *conversations*, with its flourishes of trumpets and its general bathos, and they might also have had their goody-goody talker-talker, and no one would have objected to their amusing themselves thus. But when they come and tell us that all this theatrical pomp is intended for our good, that we who belong to the working classes may be domestically saved if we will only let them be our saviours, then it is time to get out one's needle and have a dig at their wind bag. Every man who does so performs a real service, for there is perhaps no influence more baneful than that of these mock philanthropic assemblages, full, as they are, of flatulent imbecility and hopeless impracticability, often mixed with some proportion of downright insanity, for by their pomp and parade they must necessarily distract the public attention from real honest efforts to benefit the mass of the people, and, besides, naturally tend to disgust people with the very ideas which they assume to ventilate. The Mayor of Manchester by this time is probably not so much astonished as he was on Friday because the Congress was not, as he hoped, received in a kindly spirit. If he was not aware that himself and the Corporation were lending the dignity of the city to support an elaborate farce, the people of Manchester have shown themselves somewhat quicker-witted. Not, probably, that they had very much to do with the affair beyond lending it the sanction of their presence. The *deus ex machina* of the whole business was Sir Henry Cole, who, by the way, is extraordinarily successful in getting big people to patronise his schemes. Witness, for instance, that precious notion of using trombones and kettledrums for church music—the idea of which, it ought to be known, was entirely due to our Knight Commander of the Bath—for which he managed to get the support of the Bishop of Manchester, who did not at first see the grotesqueness of the thing, but who has now backed out of it, probably in time to save himself from being committed to tin whistles and Jews' harps as accompaniments to the singing in churches. Of course, if Sir Henry Cole, K.C.B., likes to get up "Domestic Economy Congresses," and can induce incumbents to let him make Richardson's Show experiments in their churches, no one can say him nay, but when he passes as the guide, philosopher, and friend of the benighted population of this district in particular, and of the whole world in general, we—well, very respectfully—decline his generous services, perhaps from the consciousness that we are not worthy to be instructed by so eminent a man, and perhaps from another reason. Manchester is not, after all, so very far from South Kensington, and Sir Henry's fame preceded him long before he came to reside amongst us.

As for the "Domestic Economy Congress" itself, the pricking it has had here may not, as we have said, kill it outright. There are a good many places in England which, as yet, know nothing about it, and wherein there are quite a sufficient number of unoccupied women and æsthetic clergymen to keep the thing alive, and who will be glad to relieve the monotony of existence by talking in a genteel way about the economic follies of the working classes. I would suggest to Sir Henry Cole that he might take the next Congress to South Kensington, where the people from long use understand and believe in humbug a great deal more than they do here.

It is sad to think that the correspondents of some of our contemporaries seem unable to understand and appreciate the Earl of Beaconsfield. One of them writes as follows:—"People in Russia have been greatly alarmed by the telegraphic report of a speech made by Lord Beaconsfield in which he is alleged to have declared that he came to Berlin to save Turkey, not to sacrifice her. Some day, perhaps, the Russians will find out, as the pro-Turkish party have now done, what is the precise significance or value to be attached to Lord Beaconsfield's high-sounding phrases." This is really too bad.

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DOMESTIC PAPERS.—No. V.

[BY A FAMILY MAN.]

I AM delighted to see you, my young friend. You don't look very well though. What have you been doing all this week? Angelina still almost broken-hearted at the scene the other day, is she? Pooh! you mean that she's got a fit of the sulks and that you are making yourself miserable because you are afraid to tell her authoritatively, and once for all, that the sulks will have no effect upon you whatever, and not only afraid to tell her, but afraid to show her, which is infinitely worse. Upon my soul, the legislature ought to interfere in such cases as yours. It is a disgrace to the country and to our social system, that a great gaby like you, who is not fit to be trusted out of his mammy's sight for an hour, should be allowed and even encouraged to get married, and to take upon himself the duties of a citizen. However, I don't despair of you altogether, for I see that you are still smoking, though I suspect that you do so less from a determination to show your wife that you intend to smoke whether she likes it or not, than because you find you really can't do without it. Still the fact remains that you are smoking, so there is a faint gleam of hope for you. Now we will just go into the Red Lion, and have a quiet six of whiskey, while I give you a few general hints about various domestic incidents which you may expect, and for which it is necessary that you should be prepared. What, you don't drink any more? You've promised Angelina not to touch another drop? Oh, this is too much! I say you shall. You have to come in with me and take your liquid like a man, or I shall simply carry you off by force in a cab to Prestwich Asylum. Ah! I thought you would be reasonable. Now, to begin with. As you are aware, the year is astronomically divided into four seasons—spring, summer, autumn, and winter. But you are not aware that the feminine calculation puts on an additional number of seasons which vary between seven and twelve, according to circumstances, and which have no fixed time of recurrence. Only long experience will enable you to guess approximately when one of these seasons is likely to begin, though its near approach is always heralded by infallible symptoms to those who know how to interpret them. We may begin anywhere, so first we will take the cleaning season, which usually sets in twice a year, once about February, and again towards the end of September. The former is fearfully severe in its consequences, but the latter is of a somewhat milder character. Well, when the cleaning season is approaching you will observe that a woman gets into a terrible state of restlessness. She wanders up and down the house and finds no rest for the sole of her foot. She begins suddenly to dust everything down with an energy amounting almost to ferocity, and labours to eradicate the smallest speck of dust as if she were a navy working at the removal of a mountain, which he is afraid he will not get through before he dies. During the intervals of this arduous labour she sighs like a tempest, and varies the monotony by such exclamations as "Dear me, it seems impossible to keep this place clean!" or "Good gracious, what a terrible state the place is in!" all of which to the initiated mind betoken coming disaster. These are the early symptoms of the season, or disease, whichever you like to call it, and it may at this stage be checked, though at a great expense, namely, either by taking the patient to the theatre every night, or by asking her mother-in-law to come over for a week. This latter remedy, however, is a good deal worse than the disease, and, besides, is very often quite ineffectual, for the mother-in-law generally catches the same complaint, and helps to aggravate it. In that case you will have such an outbreak of cleaning down as will make you begin to think what a nice, quiet, untroubled place is a grave under the spreading yew or other tree. I would advise you, however, to let the season (or disease) run its course, and will go on to describe its further progress. In the course of about a week the preliminary symptoms of which I have spoken begin to abate, and the presence of the disease is soon only indicated by a settled and unearthly gloom on the face of the patient, lighted up at times with a sort of fiendish joy which it makes one shudder to see. This lasts for another week, and also begins to abate. If one is green and inexperienced, like yourself, he will begin to imagine that the season is over, without any further anxiety. But one morning when you come down to breakfast, you will find two, perhaps more, strange women in the house, whom you will at first take for witches, but subsequently discover to be only charwomen, and who brandish mops in a savage and threatening manner. Going into the parlour you find that order has fled and chaos reigns supreme. The pictures are taken down from the walls and two have the glass broken.

The chairs form a small pyramid in the corner, and fall upon you when you go near them. The carpet is up and the curtains are down, the coal scuttle reposes gracefully in the easy chair, and the fireiron survey the scene from the altitude of the mantelpiece. Your first impression is that there has been an earthquake in this particular room, but afterwards you bethink yourself that it would have required a succession of earthquakes for a month, a cyclone, two tornadoes, a waterspout, and a tidal wave to have brought the place into this condition—if the disorder were due to natural forces. You get enlightened when your wife, in a tone of imperious command—the weakest of women are little more amiable than furies at these times—orders you to go into the kitchen to have breakfast, because she has begun her "spring cleaning." If you were wise and prompt, you would flee from the home as from the wrath to come, but most men get into such a state of helpless dismay at the portentous announcement that they lose their presence of mind utterly, and are bundled into the kitchen before they know where they are. I warn you also that breakfast on such a morning as this is an unsatisfactory meal, though you will do well not to complain. You cannot have any bacon because the frying pan has got itself lost in the fearful turmoil. You will have to drink your coffee without sugar, because the sugar basin has fortified itself behind a pile of jugs and chairs, flat irons, cushions, and other miscellaneous articles, and cannot be got out. But, as I say, you must be careful not to exasperate the patient when she is in this frenzied state, or the consequences both to yourself and her may be fearful. Above all things, do not venture to hint that in your opinion the place does not want "spring cleaning" at all, and that a great deal of fuss is being made about nothing. If you do the patient will go stark staring mad, and possibly never thoroughly recover. The best thing you can do is to lock up your papers, if you have any, and rush off for the bus, not to return till at least one o'clock in the morning. It is well, however, to caution you that it is not after all of much use to lock up your papers or anything else, for the patient, aided by her accomplices, the charwomen, will be almost certain to have them out, though you should put them into a Milner's safe. The feminine belief is that nothing harbours dirt so much as papers—which is often, in one sense, particularly true—and when once the papers have been subjected to the "cleaning" process, you might as well put the lot in the fire for aught good they will be to you. The season generally lasts for about three days, with final throes for two or three more, and during all that time you would do well to go away on business, if you can manage it, or at least never come home till no public-house will harbour you any longer. However, I must go now. Remember well what I have told you, and next time we meet I shall continue my natural history of the domestic seasons. Ta-ta, and keep up your spirits, my unfortunate young friend.

A GENEALOGICAL PARADOX.

[BY OUR OWN GENEALOGIST.]

THAT a man he may his own grandfather be,
You'll admit, if you climb this "genealogical" tree.
Don't hurry, or you'll fall and not find a trace
Of the fact that's as plain as the nose on your face.
Now for "logical" reasoning we'll dispense with all "fuss,"
And commence with the parties, showing them thus:—
Number one is a widow, one "Annie" by name,
Number two is her daughter, whom they say she calls "Jane,"
Number three, he is "George," and the father of one,
Number four, which is "Henry," of course he's the son.
The widow married Henry, a caution, seems rather,
Not so, when you hear that Jane took the father.
So Annie became mother (in law) to her husband's dad,
And grandmother to her husband, she was by Gad.
Henry's wife had a son John—Oh, what a bother—
For to her "own" son she became great-grandmother.
Now the son of a great-grandmother, by reflection you'll see,
Is set forward by the great genealogical tree
As "grand uncle" or "grandfather," as certain as fate,
To the person, to whom his mother was grandmother (great).
Now Annie to John, was great-grandmater,
So it leaves John to be his own grandpater!

G. L. DARBY,

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PATCHING UP EASTERN EUROPE.

PATCHING old clothes is a useful wifely operation; patching up old countries is the duty of statesmen at times. But it often happens that neither in the one case nor in the other does the work accomplished hold good for any great length of time. The Earl of Beaconsfield went to Berlin expressly to patch up Turkey. It was said, at first, that he was succeeding wonderfully well. The truth is now known, however, that Turkey is passing through the painful process of being partitioned very much as Poland did years ago. "It is now admitted, almost in as many words," we read, "that the supposed victory of Lord Beaconsfield at the Congress is no victory at all. Those who discovered that the power to garrison fortresses in the Balkan passes gave to the Porte an impregnable barrier against Russian aggression infinitely preferable to the Danube have changed their opinion already. The country ought by this time to be accustomed to the proceeding. How many times during the last twelve months have we all been startled by the announcement of some 'glorious' action by the Premier, only to find within a few days that it meant nothing? No doubt some of these actions have not been altogether without meaning—they have meant enormous expenditure and increase of national anxiety. In this case expenditure does not appear to be a necessary consequence of what the Premier has done. Indeed, he has, if some of the correspondents—including those of the newspaper which most loudly proclaimed his victory—may be trusted, done nothing." The *Pall Mall Gazette*, now styling the Berlin Congress "The Cobblers' Congress," is indignant at what is taking place. In England, we are told, there is "a deep and fast-gathering feeling of dissatisfaction, of apprehension, and of something else which may be described as latent contempt and half-formed disgust which the hollow rhetoric of the ministerial prints only aggravates. By these journals we are assured that all is virtually settled, and that after some matters of detail have been arranged the English Plenipotentiaries will return to receive the honours due to them for their masterly conduct of affairs at Berlin. It is this which excites most alarm in England. For we do not know that it is not to be so. We cannot be sure that the inspired writer is wrong, and yet if he is right, England's part at the Congress will be something like that of pantaloons in a Christmas play." The Earl of Beaconsfield may not be made a duke, after all. What a pity! But has he not helped to preserve peace? Yes; by giving way on almost every point of vital importance. His Lordship proceeded to the Congress, as we have said, with the object of patching up Turkey. What we see, however, is that Russia, Austria, Roumania, Montenegro, Servia, Greece, and Bulgaria are being patched up. As for Turkey, she is being partitioned—and with a vengeance!

GOT THE BLUES.

MY heart is sad,
I know not why,
My breast is filled
With misery.

Oh! it is that
The city's smoke,
And stifling airs,
My breathing choke?

Or is it that
My spirit yearns
For shady banks
Embowered by ferns?

Where buds and blows
The eglantine,
And blossoms white
The bramble vine;

Where blue-bells sheet
The path with bloom,
And gold buds fleck
The dark-leaved broom.

Where soft winds woo
The green-garbed trees,
With happy hum
Of laden bees.

Ah! sweet the birds'
Full-throated lay,
And sweet the scent
Of new-mown hay.

The foam and fret
Of stone-chafed brooks,
Or gentle flow
By shady nooks.

The flying clouds,
Whose shadows dim
The glassy pools
The swallows skim;

On whose smooth breast
The lilies lie,
And flashing darts
The dragon-fly;

And thousand forms
Of gauze-winged things
The summer sun
A brief life brings;

Upon whose verge
Lush grasses twine,
And knee-deep stand
The calm-eyed kine;

And willows bathe
Their sharp-out leaves—
Is it for these
My spirit grieves

And sighs, within
The city pent,
'Mid ceaseless roar
And noisome scent?

I cannot tell;
My brain is dull;
I only feel
My heart is full.

My heart is sad,
I know not why,
My breast is filled
With misery.

THE MAYOR AND THE "COURIER."

QUITE a duel, or, rather, a series of duels, has been fought between the Mayor of Manchester and the *Manchester Courier* during the last few days; and all the bother arose out of the Domestic Economy Congress. The *Courier*, like ourselves, and, indeed, like everybody else, laughed over the opening ceremony with its boyish processions and childish blasts of trumpets. That was right enough. But then our contemporary went further, and, as usual, mixed up politics with its banter. The Duke of Westminster, who presided, was sneered at as a "Radical" Duke; and the Mayor, who is a Liberal, also came in, of course, for a fair share of personal abuse. This is a way that the *Courier* has; and, that being so, no notice should have been taken of its misrepresentations and want of good taste. But His Grace and His Worship, thinking otherwise, both replied to the virulent and ungentlemanly attacks which had been made upon them. The *Courier* retorted, and so the fun grew fast and furious. The Mayor next sent a calm and dignified letter to our contemporary, in which, after explaining that he had no hand in arranging the ceremony, His Worship said:—"The Mayor is spoken of as an 'average Liberal,' but he ventures to say that there is no justification for the *Courier* speaking of him by any party name, as none will be more ready than his Conservative colleagues to testify to his freedom from party influences throughout his municipal career, and to his strict impartiality whilst holding his present office. The Mayor's words and acts have been open to the public gaze for upwards of twenty years, and he had hoped he had outlived the latent animosities of any of his fellow citizens, though during that time he has never experienced the sensation of an approving word from the *Courier* and very seldom even fair play." As is its wont, the *Courier* replied by denying almost everything, and giving a further exhibition of bad taste. "The fact is," it wrote, "that of late years at least, Alderman Grundy's career, although, no doubt, a highly useful one, has not been on many occasions of such a character as to call forth elaborate comments, either of an approving character or otherwise, on the part of a public journalist. As for the Mayor's capacity to form a just opinion as to whether or not he has been treated with 'fair play' we are led to entertain serious doubts." The moral of the whole affair is that gentlemen who respect themselves should hesitate before consenting to cross swords with the *Courier*.



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT "Promotion by Merit" is at it again.
 That he does not give the poor Church a moment's rest.
 That they have been selling souls, this time, at Swettenham.
 That his letter in the *Examiner* should have been headed, not "Purchase in the Church," but "The Sweating System."
 That Mr. W. T. Charley, M.P., and Mr. O. O. Walker, M.P., have been sorely tried this week.
 That the two hon. gentlemen love the Government much, but they love their seats more.
 That the question was whether they should vote for the Government or vote for Salford.
 That their love for Salford prevailed over their love for the Government.
 That Salford feels grateful.
 That the Government Cattle Bill shows what Conservatism really is.
 That, by causing all fat foreign cattle to be slaughtered at the port of landing, the Bill will have the effect of still further raising the price of meat.
 That this will be a good thing for home landlords and farmers.
 That it will be a bad thing for the poor.
 That the Tories never have, and never shall, care much about the poor, except for their votes.
 That when the poor begin to think and act for themselves they will make it impossible for Parliament to stop the supply of foreign cattle.
 That they will also deprive Tories of the power to do much more mischief.
 That many false reports are flying about as to the Mayor's connection with, and conduct at, the Domestic Economy Congress.
 That it was not His Worship who said to the trumpeter "Blast it!"
 That it was somebody else who gave the command; and then the trumpeter "blasted."
 That we are in a position to make this important correction on authority.
 That the Mayor and the *Courier* have fallen out by the way.
 That surely His Worship isn't so thin-skinned or foolish as to wince under the *Courier's* abuse.
 That our contemporary never knew a decent Liberal or a bad Tory yet.
 That, when this is remembered, every bit of criticism in which the *Courier* indulges is deprived of its force and sting.

That, surely, Mr. Alderman Patteson must be mistaken, for once.
 That he said, at the Council meeting on Wednesday, that 22½ million gallons of water were consumed in Manchester on Friday last.
 That he added that this was the largest quantity of water consumed on any one day within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.
 That we should rather think so.
 That a screw must have been loose—we mean that a tap must have been wrong—somewhere.
 That we cannot allow the city to be maligned in this malicious manner.
 That—now we bethink ourselves—it was very hot on the day in question.
 That big expensive drinks were the order of the day.
 That there was also a tremendous demand for ice, and ice is made out of water.
 That people perspired freely, and, therefore, they had to drink freely, else they would soon have vanished off the face of the earth.
 That Mr. Alderman Patteson may be right, after all; but—22½ million gallons!
 That we must draw the line somewhere.
 That, at least if we don't, the worthy Alderman need not keep reminding us, by his appalling statistics, that we don't.
 That an explanation is required in the interests of the city's sobriety.
 That we pause for a reply.
 That *The Great Divorce Case* at the Prince's was a terrible frost.
 That the great divorce case just heard before Sir James Hannen was a caution.
 That the Congress is still sitting—hatching.
 That it is sitting in a fearful fashion on poor Turkey.
 That even the Turkey's bones won't be left.
 That Russia and Austria are dividing Eastern Europe nicely between them.
 That Bismarck has proved too much for Beaconsfield.
 That the Indian troops are to be brought from Malta to England.
 That they are to accompany the Prime Minister home.
 That His Lordship will review them at Aldershot.
 That the Empress of India will be present.
 That so will the *City Jackdaw*.

A PRETTY GUARDIAN OF THE PEACE.

POLICEMEN are fine fellows as a rule. But some of them cannot with the utmost charity be characterised as guardians of the peace. One of the latter lot, Frank Purser by name, has just made an appearance before the Colleshill magistrates in answer to a charge of having assaulted and threatened to shoot Michael Rogers. A number of reliable witnesses testified that at nine o'clock at night, the policeman, while in plain clothes, came staggering up to some men in the street at Curdwith, Rogers being one of the party, and drawing a revolver or pistol from his pocket said he would "shoot every — Irishman of them." Raising the revolver, he shouted, "Now's the time, you Irish — for manslaughter; there's fourteen of you, and I could do for fourteen more." Turning to Rogers, he said he was the man "I'll have." Drawing the revolver a second time, he said he would "wait him yet." He said he had leave from his master "to shoot every Irishman he met on the road after ten o'clock at night." Miss Lane corroborated the various witnesses, and heard the policeman cry, "Now's the time for manslaughter." Defendant denied the charge *in toto*. It was then shown that the policeman was served with a summons for this extraordinary conduct, and on the following Sunday night he went to Rogers' lodgings. He knocked on the door with a stick, called up Rogers, who was in bed, and handcuffed him, saying, "If I did not show you a revolver the other night I'll — soon do it to-night, and for two half-crowns I'd smash your skull in for you." The man was taken, nearly three miles off, to Colleshill lockup; two inhabitants of Curdworth, named Wright and Jackson, being commanded "in the Queen's name" to accompany him. The superintendent, however, liberated him immediately. Mr. P. C. Purser is now doing his month in prison; and serve him right!

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JUGGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

MY Lord Beaconsfield is without a rival. All through his long life one extraordinary feat has followed close on the heels of another. But at Berlin he has outstripped himself, chiefly in bewildering the special correspondents of the *Times*. These gentlemen sing his praises daily. Now, according to them, he delivers a speech which overpowers the assembled Plenipotentiaries; next he gives way to his feelings in such a way that the Spree overflows its banks with his tears; then he hoodwinks all the other Ministers as only a great Master can do. "Lord Beaconsfield," we are told, "continues the observed of all observers. Combining high literary merit with the weight and consequence of political power, and, to crown all, being indebted to himself alone for what he is, Lord Beaconsfield is a man made to appeal to the instincts of a German heart. All Berlin wishes to see him, or, in default of this privilege, to read his books. The circulating libraries have had to lay in fresh stores of his novels. One daily journal gives a translation of Henrietta Temple, another selecting Vivian Grey, while a third is content to quote choice passages from the whole range of his writings. If the Town Council should determine to invite the Plenipotentiaries to a municipal banquet, as is rumoured, Lord Beaconsfield will certainly have the lion's share of the attention." Was ever juggling known like unto this juggling?

TONGUE DISESTABLISHMENT!

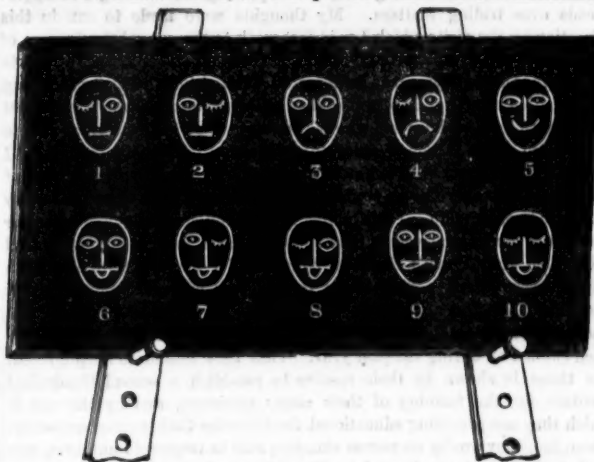
(BY ESAU THEBOTTLE-PET.)

ONE of the most important papers read at the assemblage of thoughtful people, at the late Domestic Economy Congress, was that by Mrs. Fielden, of Todmorden, on her "Signal Method." In the published papers we are carefully prepared for the subject matter by the "argument" which informs us of "the difficulty of finding time for study, and states that the Signal System is suggested to promote rapidity and success in teaching." To communicate by signal is of great antiquity, and it is of some interest to trace the various means employed by different races, in ancient and modern times, to communicate with each other when separated by distances. When people are more than five miles apart, it has been found painful to use the tongue and the lungs as mechanism for expression of ideas. Lubbock, in his history of civilisation, mentions the click-clack language of the Hottentots, which is composed of signs semaphonic and sounds ejaculative, fifty per cent of each. When the dew is falling fast and the stars begin to blink, so much that those natives of the far south cannot see each other, their language has been found defective—this accounts for the great consumption of matches on the other end of the black continent, as a match must be used in order that conversation may be maintained. The late Mr. Caudle would have looked upon this people with reverential awe had he known of this fact.

The prophet Jeremiah exhorted the children of Benjamin to set up a fire as a sign, and in profane records we are told that Agamemnon made affectionate communications to his beloved Queen by means of fires on the mountain tops. Our ancestors found out many years ago that making signs to those who cannot see is of little practical benefit, and but mere waste of time; hence the saying which but expresses the common sense of the English-speaking races, that "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse."

But we digress. Let us, therefore, endeavour to give an explanation of Mrs. Fielden's excellent paper. The good lady commenced by saying, "that obviously the aim of the educationalist should be to devise methods of teaching ordinary subjects with great rapidity, in order to gain time for other studies." This is so wise an expression that we only call attention to it in order to extort high commendation from the intellectual reader. The great object of the signal system may be summed up as promoting the saving of time, labour, voice, temper, friction, destructive action, abrasion, wear and tear, and torsion and tension of mind and body of those who teach the young. This signal system is to be called the *Pyrognographic*, a word made from these two roots found in the Veda. Here Sir Henry Cole informed the Bishop of Manchester, who was in the chair, that roots did not come within the scope of the Congress, but he would suggest that such a subject might with profit be brought before the Oldham Agricultural Society, which would meet in a few days, and of which his excellent friend the chief magistrate of Oldham, his Worship the Mayor, Mr. Alderman Bodden, was the president. The Mayor of Oldham, who was present with "Dear William," in his usual graceful manner,

came to the front smiling, and said it would give him great pleasure if Mrs. Fielden would so honour Oldham, which had an excellent mayor. He might be permitted to say that also the Cricket Club meeting, last week, was highly successful. Amid loud cries of "Oh, oh," Dr. Pankhurst gave notice that a paper would be read by him at the next Congress, entitled, "Is a Mayor a remnant of feudal barbarism? with an especial argument to show that no patriot should be a bone in the tail of the aristocracy." It was suggested by the Rev. Father Gadd that "knuckle" would be a better word; Mr. Councillor Mandley, of Salford, said that he begged to substitute "kib" as a better word. Dr. Pankhurst declined to entertain either suggestion. A severe look from the Bishop of Salford put an end to further interruption. Mrs. Fielden proceeded without any more noise to demonstrate by means of a piece of chalk and a black board her new method, which requires but small effort to understand.



The above cut is from a sketch taken by Mr. Councillor W. Brown on the spot. Mr. Alderman Murray was pleased to observe that it was a better work of art than the Medal.

No.	Signs.	Meaning.
1.	Right eye closed.....	Attention.
2.	Left eye closed.....	Prepare to rise.
3.	Slight frown by obtuse angle of top lip..	Silence.
4.	Right eye closed and gentle frown....	Sit down.
5.	Mild smile.....	Approbation and assent.
6.	Tongue out 1/32 of an inch to the mile...	Too much noise.
7.	Ditto and left eye closed.....	Mind the stops.
8.	Ditto and right eye closed.....	Mind your terminations.
9.	Eyes open; tongue diagonal.....	Put your books in order.
10.	Eyes closed and tongue graceful.....	Hook it.

It will be seen from this explanation that the code is capable of an interminable number of changes. It was stated that no less than 3,986½ different orders could be given by this system.

Some may think that nature intended the tongue to be used when people are not far apart, but none but a mere superficial fellow would venture to an expression of such a foolish notion. We have altered our views since the paper was read, for we once had the notion that, as children have to learn to talk, and that as the use of the tongue with kindness and affection in the presence of little ones must have an enormous influence on their manners, it was better for them to listen to those teachers who could, by their forms of expression, by their excellent use of English, by their kind but firm use of admonition, so use words that every sound would be educational to them as to the use of their little tongues.

The writer remembers a little boy who had scarcely ever heard a kind and affectionate expression in his puritanical surroundings, saying how nice it was for other children in a family with whom he was staying on a visit, to say to each other, "Yes, dear," and "No, love," "Come here, pet." The poor little fellow had been in the desert for many days and his heart had been starved. We wish a hearty success to Mrs. Fielden, but if her object will interfere with the use of the tongue by amiable and good men and women, we decline to admire it. Those who wish further to investigate this subject may be able to get information from a pamphlet published by Mrs. Fielden, Centre Vale, Todmorden. If the information given there be found to be different to ours, it may be owing to the heat of the weather and Sir Henry Cole's claret cup.

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OUR "PRIMITIVE" FRIENDS.

[BY OUR OWN LOUNGER.]

ANXIOUS as I am to serve my fellow men, and glorious as it may be to feel that you are a man of such ability and standing as to justify others in selecting you to be their representative when occasion requires that they should be represented, I have no desire to be, and I will take tolerably good care that I never am, a delegate at a conference, more especially if that conference be sitting in the summer months. In winter, good, roaring fires, and a gracious dispensation from the chair permitting the use of tobacco and toddy, might make things supportable, but in summer it must really be terrible to have to sit for hours gently, or rapidly, as the case may be, frizzling away whilst prosing old duffers get to loggerheads over trifling matters. My thoughts were made to run in this direction by the visits which I paid last week to the annual Conference of our friends of the Primitive Methodist persuasion. Primitive Methodists have a good deal of sympathy from me, because, although I am of lounging propensities myself, I have a sneaking kindness for men who are earnest and determined, and anyone who takes any notice of them cannot fail to be assured of the thorough earnestness of the Primitive Methodists. I remember being associated some little with them several years ago, and at that time, it is only fair to confess, I was more struck than edified by their mode of worship. I still notice in their religious exercises a greater amount of demonstrativeness than suits my taste, but I cannot quarrel with them when I mark the thoroughness, if I may so term it, which characterises them. They mean to go ahead and do good, and that they are becoming a power in the land is evidenced by the influential character of the Conference, and the work which is reported as having been carried on during the past year. That they intend to keep up with the times is shown by their resolve to establish a second theological institute for the training of their rising ministers, and by the way in which they are providing educational facilities for their youths generally. Then, too, they are by no means standing still in respect to numbers, one of their prominent members giving it as his calculation that the Connexion added to the number of those within the circle of their influence at the rate of 25,000 every year. As one might expect, remembering what has been done by themselves in particular and by the country generally in the matter of education, there are evidences of increased culture amongst both ministers and laymen; but, with all these good things in their favour, they are sad dogs when in conference assembled, judging from what I saw and heard. They appear to have an immense liking for breaking in upon the regular order of business; and I have an idea that their president, able and good man as he no doubt is, was hardly strict enough in his dealings with them. Conferences of this sort always have as much business to transact as it is possible to get through in the time during which it is proposed to sit, and unless the delegates are ruled with a veritable rod of iron, it happens generally, as it happened in the case of our Primitive Methodist friends, that the Conference gets into arrears with its work, and matters have at last either to be rushed through hurriedly or relegated altogether. I promise our Primitive friends that if I had been their president—and this is certainly a sufficiently big "if"—they would have been allowed much less liberty, and it would have gone hard, very hard, with some of the principal and most persistent orators. Speechifying is a very fine thing in its way, but some of the delegates believed in it far too much, and much valuable time was absolutely thrown away. Somewhat early on in the sittings it was lamented that the Conference was considerably behindhand in its business, and it certainly says but little for the increased intelligence of the members of the Connexion that one gentleman—evidently from his manner a man having some authority amongst them—should be enabled to say with truth that they had never before had the order of business so broken into as it had been at that Conference. What with excessive talking, and the observance, as I think, of too much formality in the matter of dry and detail work, the Conference got terribly behindhand, and, in spite of evening sessions, much important business had to be left over or referred to committees. And was it consistent with the dignity of the Conference that the few delegates who turned up on Saturday should indulge in such squabbling as to what items should be dealt with first? Of course, they were impatient to be away, and the representatives of the various districts naturally enough desired that the matters affecting themselves should be brought on first, so that they might take unto themselves wings and fly away, but surely they might have been more orderly in their

proceedings. Perhaps some excuse for fractionness at that time or previously during the Conference may be found in the trying nature of the ordeal through which delegates had to pass, spending hour after hour in that hot building, listening often to the most dry-as-dust proceedings, but one must not forget that the sitting of the Conference might have been shortened if the members of it had been more business-like and expeditious in settling business. Future Conferences must be kept more in check, and there must be less regard for formality in matters of detail, or, as the Connexion and its business grows, it will surely happen that Conference will have to sit for weeks if it is to get through its work. For myself, I wish future delegates a more speedy deliverance from their labours, and—may I not be there to see.

COOKERY IN RHYME.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

No. 2. VEAL CUTLETS A LA MILANAISE.

IN the natural course of my lays,
I arrive at a cutlet of veal,
And the best of all possible ways
Of preparing this delicate meal,
Would the reader his palate delight—
Though veal may insipid have proved—
Let him read my instructions aright,
And he'll find the objection removed.

Take your cutlet first and beat it,
Ere your cooking you begin:
It will be tender when you eat it—
You can use a rolling pin.
Full five minutes should the beating
Be continued, at the least;
You will find this mode of treating
Help to make a dainty feast.

Next of flour and eggs and butter
Take a plentiful supply,
In the pan 'twill hiss and splutter—
For the cutlet you must fry.
Place the cutlet in the batter,
But remember—you must not
Throw the former in the latter
Till the pan is hissing hot.

Up above I spoke of frying—
The digression pray excuse—
I was wrong, there's no denying,
'Twas a foolish word to use.
'Tis a process caré demanding
Lest your cutlet should be dry;
So remove misunderstanding—
It should rather stew than fry.

Let your care be unabating,
You must watch the pan with zeal
While the mixture's penetrating
Through the fibres of the veal.
For the palate most capricious
Thus a dish you will prepare,
Tender, juicy, moist, delicious,
With a fragrant odour rare.

One direction I've omitted—
Which in time my memory prods—
So the cutlet shall be fittid
As a banquet for the gods.
'Tis that just the slightest flavour
Of tomato you should add,
'Twill improve the taste and savour.
Eat your cutlet and be glad.

Friendly I must now implore you—
This I had all but forgot—
When the cutlet is before you
Let the plates be very hot.
Then, no duty overlooking,
Don't forget the bard to praise
Who revealed this mode of cooking
Cutlets a la Milanaisé.

Writing to the *Times*, a medical gentleman advises persons to wear cabbage leaves on their heads as the best means of preventing sunstrokes. No doubt, cabbage leaves would be excellent substitutes for what milliners are pleased to designate hats and bonnets.

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JUSTICE ?

IF we were to collect all the instances of foolish and unjust sentences passed by justices of the peace we might do nothing else in this life.

A gross example has just occurred in the Black Country. At Brierley Hill Police Court, the other day, before Mr. Isaac Spooner (Stipendiary) Phoebe Newton, 48, married woman, was charged with assaulting the police. Police-constable Mountford stated that he was quelling a disturbance when the defendant interfered with him, striking him on the arms and chest. Mr. Spooner: Have you anything to say? Defendant (to officer): Didn't you say, after touching me on the shoulder, in the Dudley Arms, that you wanted me? Mountford: Yes. Defendant: Did you not say I was the one? Mountford: Yes. Didn't I say it was a mistake? Mountford: Yes. Defendant: And that you ought to be ashamed to take me? Mountford: Something of that. Mr. Spooner: I send you to goal for six weeks. Defendant: Oh, dear! oh, dear! I have witnesses. Defendant was led away crying. Mr. Green (clerk to the Stipendiary): Did you hear, sir, that the woman had witnesses? Mr. Spooner said something in reply, but it could not be heard. Meanwhile, Phoebe Newton was dragged to prison; but the Home Secretary has since ordered her release. But what of Mr. Spooner who could pass such a sentence? Is he to get off scot-free?

CRUSHING CRITICISM.

ASTONISHING, yet welcome, news! The Manchester critics are agreed at last!! With one unanimous voice they have condemned *The Great Divorce Case*, a so-called comedy, "written by Messrs. John Doe and Richard Roe," and performed at the Prince's Theatre this week. As usual, the *Courier* lets the "comedy" off easiest. "From beginning to end," it says, "the piece abounds in comicalities of the most farcical kind, and there is an almost entire absence of genuine comedy—in fact, some difficulty may possibly be experienced in discovering wherein lies the merit which has obtained for it a success elsewhere. Poor as the piece is, the characters, however, were well sustained by the company." The *Examiner* comes next in letting the thing down lightly. "When" we read, "the comedy was formerly produced it was received with scant favour both in criticism and attendance." It was, in fact, voted as a stupid play in which the occasional gleams of humour were extremely poor compensation to those who had to sit out the development of a very silly plot. There is, in fact, nothing in the piece worth the time required to witness it. There are some amusing passages, but they are few indeed as compared with the tedious and depressing interludes which take up the greater part of the performance. The company is, on the whole, fairly good. The performance, to speak plainly, was not a success, and the audience showed very plainly in the course of the evening that that was their opinion." The *Evening Mail*, while also sitting on the piece, has likewise a good word to say for the acting. "Whatever success," it writes, "the so-called comedy, purporting to be by those personages known to legal fiction as John Doe and Richard Roe, and entitled *The Great Divorce Case*, may achieve at the Prince's Theatre this week must be due to the excellence of the acting, and not to the merits of the piece. The company by which it is represented is a very good one, and all the parts in what is really a tedious, extravagant, and not very enjoyable farce owe much more to the actors than to the authors, presuming that more than one pen has been engaged upon the work." But when we turn to the organs published in Cross Street, we find nothing but condemnation—wholesale, thorough, crushing. What the *Evening News* says is this:—"The most pleasing feature in connection with the performance of *The Great Divorce Case* at the Prince's Theatre on Monday night was that it was vigorously hissed. Depraved Cockney vulgarity, illustrated by means of a painfully dull three-act farce, is not the sort of fare likely to be acceptable to theatre-goers in Manchester. If no healthier programme than that of Monday night can at present be provided the sooner the Prince's Theatre enters on its summer vacation the better for everybody concerned." The *Guardian*, more slashing still, wrote on Tuesday:—"A piece entitled *The Great Divorce Case*, and which, though described in the bills as a comedy, is really a wretched and unwholesome farce, void of wit and humour, and with no merit in plot or dialogue to recommend it, has once more appeared in Manchester, and was played last night at the Prince's. It is utterly beneath criticism, and was received last night with distinct signs of disapproval from a very

limited audience." It is really refreshing to come across vigorous, manly, outspoken, independent theatrical criticisms like this after what we have been accustomed to in Manchester for a long time past. A little more of it will do the Manchester stage a power of good. We need not add that *The Great Divorce Case* has been withdrawn; but *Pink Dominoes*, which has taken its place, is not much of an improvement.

SNUG "RETREATS" FOR DRUNKARDS.

THERE is good news for habitual drunkards to-day. A Bill dealing with them, and them alone, has been read a second time in the House of Commons and bids fair to become the law of the land. According to the Bill, snug retreats will be built all over the country, at the country's expense, and to these retreats our friend the habitual drunkard may retire when he has a mind, pull himself together, prepare for a fresh start, and in divers other ways enjoy himself to his heart's content. What it is to be a habitual drunkard! The great buildings to be erected for his exclusive benefit are not to be called asylums—no, nothing so repulsive—they are to be retreats, every bit as cosy and as snug as the tap-room of an old-fashioned inn. And the simplicity of the whole plan is perfectly refreshing—we might have said bewitching. All that the habitual drunkard has to do is to present himself before a magistrate, inform the magistrate that he is a habitual drunkard, request the law to look after him for a short season, and then—ay, then—our friend is sent off to one of these exquisite retreats to be cured. What a farce! Another provision contained in Dr. Cameron's Bill was that the habitual drunkard's friends might appear before the magistrates and obtain the necessary order; but it seems that the compulsory clauses of the measure are to be thrown overboard, so that no one will be in a position to set the law in operation except the habitual drunkard himself. He will virtually say to the bench: "Gentlemen, I am a fool. I have been making a terrible ass of myself lately. In short, I have been drinking more than was good for me. My system is all out of order. My poor stomach is almost past reform. Will you take me under your protection? Will you send me into the country for a few weeks that I may be able, at the nation's expense, to recruit my wasted energies?" According to the Bill, this is what will be done; and a nice thing it is! Habitual drunkards are to be pampered and petted, while weeping widows and hard-working honest men have to pay the piper! What, in the name of goodness, is legislation coming to in England? Paternal Parliaments are promising in time to regulate everything. Soon, no doubt, they will pass measures for the following praiseworthy purposes:

1. To tell us when we are to wed, and whom we are to wed.
2. To determine the number of children there should be in each family.
3. To say who should be our doctors, and what should be our medicines.
4. To prescribe the time for going to bed.
5. To fix the hour at which we must wake up in the morning.
6. To regulate the weather.
7. To provide nice arbours in which young people can court and spoon.
8. To supply merry-go-rounds, high-fliers, &c., for the youth of the land.
9. To say when we should take our holidays, as well as where and how we must spend them.
10. To set up national tailors, grocers, pawnbrokers, dressmakers, and marine store dealers.
11. To name the newspapers and books we ought to read.
12. To provide shelters for corner-men.
13. To supply Salford scuttlers with sticks and stones.

But enough. Take these as samples of the sort of legislation we may look for in the future. Dr. Cameron's Habitual Drunkards' Bill has the support of both sides of the House. It may do good. But the question is whether this is the kind of work in which Parliament should engage and for which the nation should have to pay. If the habitual drunkard is tired of his drink and its effects, let him close his mouth and have done with it. Or, if he cannot do that himself, let him get somebody to close it for him at his own, and not at the nation's, cost. There is this to be said on the other side, however. The Government are giving Parliament so little to do that is really worth doing, that no wonder Parliament is tempted to waste its time over fanciful fads, of which this Habitual Drunkards' Bill is one.

MR. S. E. GIBBONS, of 96, Deansgate, Manchester, has just published a series of "Pen and Ink Sketches of Scenes and Incidents in Buxton." When we say that the sketches are the work of Mr. W. G. Baxter we have said enough to satisfy the reader that they are exceedingly clever and amusing.

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MODERN HUMOUR.

MR. HENRY BYRON is generally recognised as one of our best modern humorists. Not only is he the author of a legion of comedies, burlesques, and farces—all of which are supposed to contain some share of fun—but he is, in addition, the editor of a periodical entitled *Mirth*. Well, then, we turn to *Mirth* in order to see what much of our modern wit and humour is up to. One trial is enough. In the current number of *Mirth* is a string of fifteen stanzas, under the heading "The Old Man!" Take the following as a sample of the whole:—

We are a most eccentric lot,
We Spoones of Scilly Square,
We always eat our ices hot,
And never comb our hair.
The ribs of beef we always boil,
Our boots we never shine;
We drink soy with ood-liver oil,
And think it rather fine.
Our clothes we make of soda-cake,
We trim our lamps with brine,
We wind our clocks with the garden-rake,
Petroleum take with pine.
We crack new crockery when it's bought,
So we again may know it;
We keep nine parrots, each one's taught
The simple sentence, "Blow it!"
We rather like the roof in holes,
Blackbeetles we entice,
We've cockroaches in countless shoals,
And very many mice.
Big caterpillars up we feed,
And cram fleas from a mug,
And we have much improved the breed
Of every kind of slug.
Our grass we smooth with penny rolls,
Are never known to wink,
We flavour apple-tart with coals,
And wash our clothes in ink.
We read the paper upside down,
Our hedgehogs take to bed,
We read the works of Mrs. Brown,
And tears of pity shed.
We eat our eggs with carving forks,
With pokers drink our broth,
Extract with bootjacks Bass's corks,
And much prefer the froth.
We always walk out when it rains,
But if the sun should shine,
We then take refuge in the drains,
And passively recline.

Modern humour, it would seem, consists mainly of vulgarity, stupidity, and utter nonsense.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

BLACKPOOL will be in a state of great excitement next week; for the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, with the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex and their ladies, attended by the Sword-bearer and Macebearer and City Marshal, will arrive there on Wednesday, accompanied by their suite of servants and the state carriages with their own horses. The party will stay at the Imperial Hotel. The following day, the mayors of other towns, with the Blackpool Lifeboat and Fire Brigade, and other local bodies, will join with the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in a procession to the new Winter Gardens, which will be declared by the Lord Mayor to be open to the public. This ceremony will be followed by a luncheon, and in the evening there will be a concert, while the streets of Blackpool will be illuminated. The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs will be escorted to their hotel by torchlight. The forenoon of Friday will be devoted to visiting objects of interest in the neighbourhood. Another luncheon will be given in the Winter Gardens, and in the evening the Mayoress of Blackpool will give a grand ball in the Winter Gardens. Verily, these are pompous times!

GARIBALDI still has some of his old fire left. Writing to a friend, he says: "The world is greatly preoccupied as to how to curb socialism, and to my mind the task would be easy by (1) abolishing standing armies, and thus restoring the men that compose them to agriculture, and putting a stop to

pauperism; (2) reserving iron for ploughshares and agricultural implements, and forbidding its use for weapons of destruction; (3) limitation of property, so that one man may not eat for a thousand; (4) and finally, international arbitration to regulate the differences and quarrels between nations, and prevent more human butchers' bills. I conclude with a hint to the present Congress, that if justice be withheld from the subject races, we shall preach the Revolution." As society now stands, Socialism and Revolution mean much the same thing.

ONE cannot vouch for all the stories one hears now-a-days. But the following is too good to be missed. A London correspondent (funny fellows these London correspondents) writes as follows:—A strange story reaches me, which, however, I have reason to think is true. You have, of course, heard of "Prince's," the ground where the Australians played the Gentlemen of England the other day. It was named after a gentleman who started it—a Mr. Prince—who is well known in town. The other evening, so the tale goes, Mr. Prince, with his wife and family, went to a certain theatre that shall be nameless, where a very good business is being done. Mr. Prince asked if he could take a box, and was told they were all occupied. "Stalls, then?" The same reply. The party were thereupon about to leave the theatre and go elsewhere when a well-known cricketer appeared on the scene. "Why, Prince, how are you?" exclaimed that worthy. "Who would have thought of meeting you here?" At hearing this salutation the person superintending the box-office pricked up his ears, and, rushing out, begged them—the Princes, not his ears—to be seated. He then hurried off, had the gilded chairs placed in the Royal box, turned out an unfortunate stockbroker, who was snugly ensconced there, and finally conducted Mr. Prince and his family, whom he fondly believed to be some great swells, to their places. As Mr. P. observed, "it wasn't his place to undeceive him," and so all parties were satisfied.

Good comic copy can always be culled in abundance from the columns of the *Courier* and *Evening Mail*; but now the *Evening News* is entering the race. In the course of a gushing leader about the melancholy death of the young Queen of Spain, the *News* wrote:—"The sympathetic sorrow that will be occasioned by the death of the Queen of Spain will not be unwarranted. Monday was her eighteenth birthday. She had been married only six months, and Spain awaited with anxiety the event that would be sure to rouse loyal enthusiasm and make the reigning pair still more beloved. But in the springtide of hope and love the bond has been snapped in twain. Alfonso weeps for his bride, and Spain is in mourning for its Queen." This is fine, showing that journalism is looking up in Manchester.

Brides will do desperate things when they happen to be disappointed. At Glasgow Police Court, one day this week, Miss M'Kendrick was charged with having been drunk and incapable of taking care of herself in Clyde Street. According to the information received by the police, the prisoner, who is about thirty years of age, was to have been married on Monday; but her intended husband, evidently overjoyed at the prospect, seems to have taken rather more liquor than was good for him. At all events, the priest before whom the couple presented themselves to be united in the bonds of wedlock refused to perform the ceremony on account of the man's condition. M'Kendrick was greatly put about in consequence, and, to drown her sorrow, had recourse to "the flowing bowl," with the result that later in the day she was picked up in Clyde Street drunk. She appeared in court with a bruise on her face, caused by her falling in the street, and, pleading guilty to the charge, the magistrate, mingling mercy with justice, let her off for seven shillings and sixpence or seven days' imprisonment. Whether this angel of a bride has yet become the better half of her god of a bridegroom we know not.

At the Queen's Theatre, *Em'ly*, a version of "David Copperfield," is being played to good houses this week. It is capitally and admirably put on the stage. We regret that Mr. Bracewell met with an accident in the part of "Micawber" on Tuesday night; but we hope soon to hear of his complete recovery. Mr. Bracewell is one of those able, conscientious actors that can be badly missed even for a night or two.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw* 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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THE CITY JACKDAW.

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